

CHAPTER XVIII.

Cambridge Life and Letters. 1850-1851.



It was my privilege, at Cambridge, to live in a house where, at eight o'clock, every person, from the servant to the master, would have been found for half-an-hour in prayer and meditation in his or her chamber. As regularly as the time came round, that was done, just as we partook of our meals at appointed hours. If that were the rule in all households, it would be a grand thing for us. In the old Puritanic times, a servant would as often answer one who enquired for him, "Sir, my master is at prayers," as he would nowadays reply, "My master is engaged." It was then looked upon as a recognized fact that Christian men did meditate, and study the Word, and pray; and society respected the interval set apart for devotion. It is said that, in the days of Cromwell, if you had walked down Cheapside at a certain hour in the morning, you would have seen the blinds down at every house. Alas! where will you find such streets nowadays? I fear that what was once the rule, is now the exception.

When I joined the Baptist Church at Cambridge,—one of the most respectable churches that can be found in the world, one of the most generous, one of the most intelligent,—this was a good many years ago, when I was young,—nobody spoke to me. On the Lord's-day, I sat at the communion table in a certain pew; there was one gentleman in it, and when the service was over, I said to him, "I hope you are quite well, sir?" He said, "You have the advantage of me." I answered, "I don't think I have, for you and I are brothers." "I don't quite know what you mean," said he. "Well," I replied, "when I took the bread and wine, just now, in token of our being one in Christ, I meant it, did not you?" We were by that time in the street; he put both his hands on my shoulders,—I was about sixteen years old then,—and he said, "Oh, sweet simplicity!" Then he added, "You are quite right, my dear brother, you are quite right; come in to tea with me. I am afraid I should not have spoken to you if you had not first addressed me." I went to tea with him that evening; and when I left, he asked me to go again the next Lord's-day, so I went, and that Sabbath day he said to me, "You will come here every Sunday evening, won't you?" That dear friend used to walk with me into the villages

when I afterwards went out to preach, and he remains to this day one of the truest Christian friends I have, and often have we looked back, and laughed at the fact that I should have dared to assume that Christian fellowship was really a truth. I remember that he said to me at the time, "I am rather glad you spoke to me, for if you had gone to some of our deacons, I am afraid you would not have received quite as friendly a reply as I have given you."

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(In August, 1850, C. H. Spurgeon went to Cambridge, to assist his old tutor, Mr. Leeding, who was conducting a private school in the University town. On page 44, Mr. Spurgeon has recorded his recollections of Mr. Leeding; the following is the tutor's account of his pupil, as furnished by him to Mr. Spurgeon for this Autobiography, in March, 1890:—

"My acquaintance with the Rev. Charles Haddon Spurgeon commenced in 1845, when I was engaged by Henry Lewis, Esq., of Colchester, having just passed the Degree Examination at St. John's College, Cambridge. I was to conduct his school for boarders and day-pupils, and it was agreed that the course of studies should be designed to ground and advance them in the course of a first-class education. Besides the usual English subjects, some began Latin and French; Spurgeon began Latin at this time. We worked together for four years, and left at the same time, he to proceed to another school (at Maidstone), and myself (who left merely because the terms of the increase of my salary were said to absorb all the profit) to return home to Cambridge, where some friends desired that I should remain, and conduct a school of my own, several pupils being ready for me. Spurgeon had made good progress with me at Colchester; in mathematical studies, he was far ahead of the rest, and generally took the first prize in the general examination.

"Before I had been many months at Cambridge, I received a letter from his father, begging me to take him as an assistant with no salary, but only to receive such help in his studies as would contribute to qualify him for public life."

(Mr. Spurgeon had preserved among his papers Mr. Leeding's reply to his father's letter; it was as follows:—

"Academy,
"Union Road,
"Cambridge,
"Aug. 6th, 1850.

"My Dear Sir,

"I hasten to reply to your most welcome letter, which I received this morning. I have more than once wished it possible that an arrangement could

be made for securing your son's services in the event of an increase in my school ; but my partial success has appeared to me a bar to such an engagement, for I have such an estimate of him, that I could never have started the proposal on such terms as have proceeded from you. I will readily engage to give him all the assistance in my power for the prosecution of his own studies, and his board and washing in return for his assistance. You do me an honour, that I am perhaps unworthy of, in making this proposition when you have a premium at your option, but I must say you could not send him to anyone who feels so great an interest in and affection for him, nor to a situation where he could possibly have better opportunities for improving himself. You may, with Mrs. S., rest assured of his domestic comfort, as I am sure he will himself anticipate. I am unwilling to pledge myself at present to an engagement that shall bind me to give a salary hereafter. I am sure we shall not differ in that particular when once it necessarily occurs.

"Your offer, coming to me at this particular juncture, is a striking interposition of the Providence of God on my behalf. Through a violent cold, I have for the last fortnight been suffering from inflammation on the chest, which has rendered so much speaking extremely painful, and now at length very dangerous ; so much so that I have been on the point of applying to a person in the town for his assistance. You will at once see how acceptable Charles's presence will be to me now ; it will be doing me a great kindness if he can be allowed to set out as soon as possible. I will expect him on Thursday. If you intended him to travel by third class, I will gladly pay his fare from London by second ; and also any expense of carriage of any part of his luggage that may require to be sent after him.

"With many thanks for your united Christian regards and kindness,

"I am,

"Dear Sir,

"Yours faithfully,

"E. S. LEEDING."

"Mr. J. Spurgeon."

(Mr. Leeding's account of his young assistant continues :—

"After a few months' residence with me, he began preaching in two or three villages near Cambridge ; he became popular among his hearers, and extended his circuit until he excited much interest among the Dissenters of Cambridge, some of whom (members of the St. Andrew's Street Baptist Church, once the scene of Rev. Robt. Hall's labours,) proposed to send him to a Dissenting College. At the time, it seemed to me that such a foundation had been laid for his literary progress, that the advantages to be thus acquired would not repay the time occupied in such a course, and the scheme was abandoned. Soon after, some of his friends proposed

that he should compete for a sizarship at St. John's College (which would have reduced the expenses of a College course £30 per annum), but it seemed to myself and others that three years (the time of College work at Cambridge), would be too long a period to expend on studies whose bearing on ministerial work is so remote as that of mathematics, and this also was abandoned. He now became more than ever intent upon preaching,—reading, besides the Greek Testament, the Septuagint translation, Whateley's Logic, &c., and soon occupied constantly the pulpit at Waterbeach, a large village a few miles from Cambridge. It must not be omitted that the final decision as to College studies was made after what we deemed a Providential incident * which took place at Cambridge.”)

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“Cambridge,

“August 22nd, 1850.

“My Dear Father,

“I received your kind note this morning. We do not have our letters till 10 o'clock. . . . Mr. Leeding is very much better ; has been in the school. . . . I am studying through Romans in the Greek, with Barnes, Doddridge, and Chalmers for my commentaries. Mr. Leeding gives me every attention, and I hope to progress rapidly. Our lecture to-night was on, ‘Having loved His own, . . . He loved them unto the end.’ Give my respects to all friends making enquiries. Mr. and Mrs. L. desire their kind respects to you. My love to dear Mother, Eliza, Archer, Emily, Lottie, and Louisa, and accept the same yourself. I again thank you for your kindness to me. I will do my best with my clothes, and hope ever to be—

“Your affectionate son,

“CHARLES.”

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“No. 9, Union Road,

“Cambridge,

“19th Sept., '50.

“My Dear Father,

“I received your kind letter in due time. I joined the Church here at the Lord's table last Ordinance day. I shall write for my dismissal ; I intended to have done so before. The Baptists are by far the most respectable denomination in Cambridge ; there are three Baptist Chapels,—St. Andrew's Street, where we attend, Zion Chapel, and Eden Chapel. There is a very fine Wesleyan Chapel and some others. I teach in the Sunday-school all the afternoon. Mr. Leeding takes the morning work. Last Sabbath-day we had a funeral sermon from Hebrews vi. 11, 12.

* See Chapter xxii.,—“The Lord's Hand behind the Maid's Mistake.”

We have a prayer-meeting at 7 in the morning, and one after the evening service ; they are precious means of grace, I trust, to my soul. How soon would the lamps go out did not our mighty Lord supply fresh oil ; and if it were not for His unshaken promise to supply our need out of the fulness of His grace, poor indeed should we be.

"Yes, where Jesus comes, He comes to reign : how I wish He would reign more in my heart ; then I might hope that every atom of self, self-confidence, and self-righteousness, would be quite swept out of my soul. I am sure I long for the time when all evil affections, corrupt desires, and rebellious, doubting thoughts shall be overcome, and completely crushed beneath the Prince's feet, and my whole soul be made pure and holy. But so long as I am encaged within this house of clay, I know they will lurk about, and I must have hard fighting though the victory by grace is sure. Praying is the best fighting ; nothing else will keep them down.

"I have written a letter to grandfather ; I am sorry he is so poorly. He wants the promises now, and why may not young and old live upon them ? They are the bread-corn of Heaven, the meat of the Kingdom ; and who that has once tasted them will turn to eat husks without any sweetness and comfort in them ? God's power will keep all His children ; while He says to them, 'How shall ye who are dead to sin live any longer therein ?' I feel persuaded that I shall never fathom the depths of my own natural depravity, nor climb to the tops of the mountains of God's eternal love. I feel constrained day by day to fall flat down upon the promises, and leave my soul in Jesu's keeping. It is He that makes my feet move even in the slow obedience which marks them at present, and every attainment of grace must come from Him. I would go forth by prayer, like the Israelites, to gather up this Heavenly manna, and live upon free-grace.

"Add to all your great kindness and love to me, through my life, a constant remembrance of me in your prayers. I thank you for those petitions which you and dear Mother have so often sent up to the mercy-seat for me. Give my love to my sisters and brother, and accept the same for yourself and dear Mother. Hoping you are all quite well,

"I remain,

"Your obedient, affectionate son,

"CHAS. H. SPURGEON."

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"Cambridge,

"October 3rd, 1850.

"My Dear Mother,

"I am generally so slack of news, that I have been ashamed to send a letter with nothing in it. I was last night admitted into membership with this

church by dismissal from Newmarket. May my future relation with them, whether brief or protracted, be for the glory of Jesus Christ! I am very fond of Mr. Roffe; I like his preaching very much. There is to be a baptizing this evening . . . I trust that a year or two of study with Mr. Leeding will be of equal benefit to me with a College education. . . . I have found a great many Christian friends; last Sunday I had two invitations to tea. I went to the house of Mr. Watts, a coal merchant, and spent the time very happily. We read round with the children, and it seemed just like home-days. I have not had a letter from Stambourne, nor from Aunt, I am quite solitary.

"Mr. Roffe preached a delightful sermon from 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.' I trust I can look by faith to the hills, and confidently expect the help. I think I learn more every day of my own natural depravity and love of sin: how stupid should I be if I trusted to my own heart! If my salvation depended upon my continuance in the fervour of devotion, how soon should I perish! How joyful it is to know that Jesus will keep that which I have committed to Him, and that he will at length save every one of His redeemed ones!

"Give my best love to dear Father, and accept the same yourself. I hope you are both well: give my love to Eliza, Archer, Emily, a kiss to Louisa and Lottie. I thank you for your many prayers; continue yet to plead for me, and may I ever be—

"Your affectionate son,

"CHARLES."

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"No. 9, Union Road,

"Cambridge,

"Oct., 1850.

"My Dear Father,

"I have received your kind, interesting letter, and the P.O. enclosed. Aunt [Walker] has written to me, and with much sorrow has told me her case. Mr. W. has promised to let me have any of his books that may be of use to me. I did not ask, but he sent that word himself. Truly, the Lord putteth down one, and setteth up another, according to His ancient decrees. How blest to feel assured that Heaven's treasures never can rust, nor can any thief rob us of our inheritance!

"I went to Mr. Watts's again last Sunday; I am quite a member of the family. I am going on Friday to a party at his house with Rev. Roffe, Rev. Keen, and Rev. Edmonds, and other friends. I anticipate much spiritual enjoyment. I would, however, look unto the Lord; for vain is the help of man. I always connect in my mind the deep depravity, and utter disease of my soul, with the all-conquering power

of my blessed Lord, who will save every one of His redeemed. Mr. Roffe beautifully says, 'The Scripture says not, the believer *shall* be saved; but, he *is* saved, and has eternal life abiding in him.' Perfectly justified, and on the road to perfect sanctification, though proceeding very slowly; who shall refuse to rejoice in the Lord? Secure of an inheritance in the skies, I would desire to walk worthy of my exalted calling, and live down every calumny, and prove the error of those who speak reproachfully concerning our liberty in the Lord. How blessed to feel sure that our sins are covered! How manifold are the mercies of the Lord to me; all things work together for good! Since I am persuaded of my interest in Jesus, and can by feeble faith lay hold on Him, I will not fear what man can do unto me. . . .

"Give my love to dear Mother, and all others at home; accept the same yourself, with my sincere gratitude,

"From your affectionate son,

"CHAS. H. SPURGEON."

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"No. 9, Union Road,

"Cambridge,

"Nov. 12th, 1850.

"My Dear Mother,

"I have just received *The Maidstone Journal*, in which you will see an advertisement of Mr. Walker's sale. In one of my late letters to Aunt (having heard you speak of her as somewhat trusting to works), I ventured, as a babe in grace, to touch upon the subject,—I trust, with becoming prudence as well as boldness. I then received a letter from Uncle,—a long one, too,—containing much good and even religious advice; of course, speaking as (Oh, how I desire it!) a Christian should speak. Mixed up with it, there was a tincture of naturalism or reason. I have therefore ventured on another letter, and have, I trust, said, though feebly, what a boy should say to a dying Uncle. False fear should never prevent us from being faithful with men walking on the confines of the grave. Could I make religion more the business of my life, how happy should I be! I am conscious I do not live up to my duties or my privileges; and did I not feel sure that Jesus will certainly complete what He has begun, I should never think of reaching Heaven; but, by His might, I would look confidently for it.

"I have found a little work here. I have twice spoken to the Sunday-school, and am to read an Essay on some subject connected with Sunday-schools at the next meeting of the Teachers' Institute for the town. I only do so just to fill up. I have been driven to it, Mr. Watts and some others having taken their turns. I hope yet,

one day, to prove myself no Antinomian, though I confess my daily sins and shortcomings ; yet I would not wilfully sin, and I feel some hatred to it. I desire to hate it more.

"I hope you enjoy your health, and that, with dear Father, you have much of the marrow of the gospel as your daily meat. Give my love to all at home, and accept the same for yourself and Father. I am pursuing my studies, though I can say little about progress. I am most happy, and quite well ; and hoping to see you before many weeks,

"I remain,

"Your most affectionate son,

"CHARLES."

(The following are the letters to the Aunt and Uncle referred to in the foregoing letter ; the first part of the one written to Mrs. Walker is missing :—)

"The body of Christians, of which for some little while I have been a member, is not distinguished for high standing in the world. I trust I shall never be rich, lest I should by force of additional temptation ever bring dishonour upon the name of Him with whom I have entered into solemn league and covenant. Would that, as I have been buried with Him in baptism, I might have the inward spiritual grace, and be dead to the world, but alive unto the service of the Lord !

"There has been much stir here about the late Popish Aggression,—the clergy seem to be very anxious about it. . . . I hope Uncle will not write to me until he is well. He is so very kind ; but he may tire himself. Tell him I am now studying Paine's *Elements of Mental Science* and Porter's *Lectures on Homiletics*. I cannot in Greek get further than the Testament. We have only thirteen boys.

"Accept my best love and thanks to yourself and Uncle, and permit me ever to subscribe myself,

"Your most affectionate nephew,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

"My Dear Uncle,

"Dumb men make no mischief. Your silence, and my neglect, make one think of the days when letters were costly, and not of penny postage. You have doubtless heard of me as a top-tree Antinomian. I trust you know enough of me to disbelieve it. It is one object of my life to disprove the slander. I groan daily under a body of sin and corruption. Oh, for the time when I shall drop this flesh, and be free from sin ! I become more and more convinced that, to attempt to be saved by a mixed covenant of works and faith is, in the words of Berridge, 'To yoke a snail with an elephant.' I desire to press forward for direction to my Master in all things ; but as to trusting to my own obedience and righteousness, I should be worse than a

fool, and ten times worse than a madman. Poor dependent creatures, prayer had need be our constant employment, the foot of the throne our continued dwelling-place ; for the Rock of ages is our only safe Hiding-place. I rejoice in an assured knowledge by faith of my interest in Christ, and of the certainty of my eternal salvation. Yet what strivings, what conflicts, what dangers, what enemies stand in my way ! The foes in my heart are so strong, that they would have killed me, and sent me to hell long ere this, had the Lord left me ; but, blessed be His name, His electing, redeeming, and saving love has got fast hold of me ; and who is able to pluck me out of my Father's hand ? On my bended knees, I have often to cry for succour ; and, bless His name, He has hitherto heard my cry. Oh, if I did not know that all the Lord's people had soul-contention, I should give up all for lost ! I rejoice that the promises left on record are meant for me, as well as for every saint of His, and as such I desire to grasp them. Let the whole earth, and even God's professing people, cast out my name as evil ; my Lord and Master, He will not. I glory in the distinguishing grace of God, and will not, by the grace of God, step one inch from my principles, or think of adhering to the present fashionable sort of religion.

"Oh, could I become like holy men of past ages,—fearless of men,—holding sweet communion with God,—weaned more from the world, and enabled to fix my thoughts on spiritual things entirely ! But when I would serve God, I find my old deceitful heart full of the very essence of hell, rising up into my mouth, polluting all I say and all I do. What should I do if, like you, I were called to be engaged about things of time and sense ? I fear I should be neither diligent in business, nor fervent in spirit. 'But,' (say you,) 'he keeps talking all about himself.' True, he does ; he cannot help it. Self is too much his master. I am proud of my own ignorance : and, like a toad, bloated with my own venomous pride,—proud of what I have not got, and boasting when I should be bemoaning. I trust you have greater freedom from your own corruptions than I have ; and in secret, social, and family prayer enjoy more blessed, sanctified liberty at the footstool of mercy.

"Rejoice ! for Heaven awaits us, and all the Lord's family ! The mansion is ready ; the crown is made ; the harp is strung ; there are no willows there. May we be enabled to go on, brave as lions, and valiant for the truth and cause of King Jesus, and by the help of the Spirit, vow eternal warfare with every sin, and rest not until the sword of the Spirit has destroyed all the enemies in our hearts ! May we be enabled to trust the Lord, for He will help us ; we must conquer ; we cannot be lost. Lost ? Impossible ! For who is able to snatch us out of our Father's hand ?

"May the Lord bless you exceedingly !

"Your affectionate nephew,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

"Monday.

"My Dear Mother,

"I write to acknowledge and thank you for a box from home. Dear Mother, you are indeed very kind; how I ought to bless God for such parents! . . . Mr. Leeding is very much obliged to you for the ham, and Mr. Spurgeon, your son, desires to thank you for a nice cake, apples, &c. I wish you had not laid your hand on the *Key to the Bible*; for, if I had had it, I should have been delighted to have given it to my dear Mother. Perhaps I may take the credit for it now. . . . We have no minister yet. Mr. Leeding said, the other morning, 'I need not ask you how you are; you are always well, like some tree.' I have been, several times, to see a lady in this town, mother of one of our boys. She goes to church, but I have reason to think her an eminent Christian. She is all day in pain, never goes out, and can hardly sleep. She made me think of your rheumatics. She has four little children. They are rich; her husband is a good, kind sort of man, but he is not, I fear, a renewed man. She has wave upon wave. She has no one to speak to. I think it a privilege to talk to any of God's people, to comfort and console them. We do not know how many need our prayers.

"My best love, dear Mother, to you and Father.

"Your affectionate son,

"CHARLES."

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"Cambridge,

"Thursday, Dec., 1850.

"Miss Caroline Louisa Spurgeon,

"Your name is so long that it will almost reach across the paper. We have one young gentleman in our school whose name is Edward Ralph William Baxter Tweed; the boys tease him about his long name; but he is a very good boy, and that makes his name a good one. Everybody's name is pretty, if they are good people. The Duke of Tuscany has just had a little son; the little fellow was taken to the Catholic Cathedral, had some water put on his face, and then they named him—you must get Eliza to read it,—Giovanni Nepomerceno Maria Annunziata Guiseppe Giovanbaptista Ferdinando Baldassere Luigi Gonzaga Pietro Allesandro Zanobi Antonino. A pretty name to go to bed and get up with; it will be a long while before he will be able to say it all the way through! If anyone is called by the name of Christian, that is better than all these great words: it is the best name in the world, except the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. My best love to you. I hope you will enjoy yourself, and try to make others happy, too; for then you are sure to be happy yourself; whereas, if you only look out to please yourself, you will

make others uncomfortable, and will not make even yourself happy. However, of course, you know that, and I need not tell you of it. A happy Christmas to you!

"Your loving brother,

"CHARLES."

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(Letter addressed to Master William Cooper, one of C. H. Spurgeon's former pupils at Newmarket :—)

"9, Union Road,

"Cambridge,

"———, 1851.

"My Dear William,

"You see, by this address, that I am no longer at Mr. Swindell's, but am very comfortable here in a smaller school of about fifteen boys. I suppose you are at home, but find farming is not all play, nor perhaps altogether so profitable or pleasant as study; it is well said, 'We do not know the value of our mercies till we lose them.'

"Knowing (in some humble measure, at least,) the value of religion, let me also bring it before your attention. If you give yourself time to think, you will soon remember that you must die; and if you meditate one more moment, you will recollect that you have a soul, and that soul will never die, but will live for ever; and if you die in your present state, it must live in endless torment. You are an accountable being; God, who made you, demands perfect obedience. But you must own that you have sinned; say not, 'I am not a great sinner,' for one sin only would be sufficient to sink your soul for ever in the pit of perdition. The sentence of death stands against you, and mercy alone stays its execution. Seeing now that you are in such danger, how do you think to escape? Surely you will not be content to die as you are, for you will one day find it no light matter to endure the hot displeasure of an angry God. Do you imagine that, if you live better for the future, God will forgive your past offences? That is a mistake; see if you can find it in the Bible.

"Perhaps you intend to think about religion after you have enjoyed sin a little longer; or (but surely you are not so foolish) possibly you think that you are too young to die. But who knows whether that future time will be afforded, and who said that you can turn to Christ just when you please? Your heart is deceitful above all things, and your natural depravity so great that you will not turn to God. Trust not, then, to resolutions made in your own strength, they are but wind; nor to yourself, who are but a broken reed; nor to your own heart, or you are a fool. There is no way of salvation but Christ; you cannot save yourself, having no power

even to think one good thought ; neither can your parents' love and prayers save you ; none but Jesus can, He is the Saviour of the helpless, and I tell you that He died for all such as feel their vileness, and come to Him for cleansing.

"You do not deserve salvation ; well, there is not a jot of merit on the sinner's part mentioned in the covenant. You have nothing ; you are nothing ; but Christ is all, and He must be everything to you, or you will never be saved. None reach Heaven but by free-grace, and through free-grace alone. Even a faint desire after any good thing came from God, from whom you must get more, for He giveth liberally, and no poor sinner, begging at His door, was ever yet sent empty away.

"Look at the blessedness of real religion, no one is truly happy but a child of God. The believer is safe, for God has promised to preserve him ; and if once you have the pearl of great price, it cannot be taken from you. The way to Heaven is faith, 'looking unto Jesus ;' this faith is the gift of God, and none but those who have it know its value. Oh, may you possess it !—is the earnest prayer of—

"Yours faithfully,

"CHARLES H. SPURGEON."

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"Cambridge,

"May 3, 1851.

"My Dear Mother,

"Many happy returns of this day, I pray for you. Another year's journey of the vast howling wilderness have you gone ; you have leaned on the arm of your Beloved, and are now nearer the gates of bliss. Happy as the year has been, I trust, to you, yet I do not think you would wish to traverse it over again, or to go back one step of the way. Glorious, wondrous, has been the grace shown to all of us, as members of the mystical body of Christ, in preservation, restraint from sin, constraint to holiness, and perseverance in the Christian state. What shall a babe say to a mother in Israel ? And yet, if I might speak, I would say, 'Take this year's mercies as earnest of next year's blessings.' The God who has kept you so long, you may rest assured will never leave you. If He had not meant to do good continually to you, He would not have done it at all. His love in time past, in the past year, forbids you—

"FORBIDS YOU to think,
He'll leave you at last in trouble to sink."

"The rapturous moments of enjoyment, the hallowed hours of communion, the blest days of sunshine in His presence, are pledges of sure, certain, infallible glory.

Mark the providences of this year ; how clearly have you seen His hand in things which others esteem chance ! God, who has moved the world, has exercised His own vast heart and thought for you. All your life, your spiritual life, all things have worked together for good ; nothing has gone wrong, for God has directed, controlled all. 'Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God ?' He who counts the hairs of our heads, and keeps us as the apple of His eye, has not forgotten you, but still loves you with an everlasting love. The mountains have not departed yet, nor the hills been removed, and till then we may have confidence that we, His own people, are secure.

"But I am writing what to you are everyday meditations. Well, dear Mother, you know where this comes from, only from your boy. Let us rejoice together ; your prayers for us I know will be answered, they are sure to be, for God has said so. May God give you a feast—honey, wine, milk,—may you be satisfied with marrow and fatness, satiated with the dainties and luxuries of religion, and rejoice exceedingly in the Lord ! I remember that, a year ago, I publicly professed the name of Jesus by baptism. Pray for me, that I may not dishonour my profession, and break my solemn vow. While I look back through the year, I can see a Great Exhibition of love and grace to me, more marvellous than even that now opened in Hyde Park. Give my love to dear Father, Archer, and sisters ; and accept the same doubly. I trust all are well. I have nothing the matter with me. Mr. and Mrs. L. desire respects. Many thanks for the postal order.

' I am,

' Your affectionate son,

"CHARLES H. SPURGEON."